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ON WITCHCRAFT.

From the European Magazine.

AS the belief in witchcraft is one of the most ancient of human superstitions, so it is one with which mankind seem to have been most reluctant to part; and it was not until they had been divested of nearly all other like infatuations, that they ceased to credit the possibility of an intercourse being maintained by human beings with the evil spirits of another world.

Even at the present day, many enlightened persons will not deny the existence of Witchcraft at remote periods, although in Europe the practice of it is at present universally discredited. Most of these found their belief upon passages of the Scriptures, and upon narrations which have come down to us with as much of the semblance of truth as any other historical relations.

All that there is in the shape of testimony on the subject is conflicting; for on the one hand, in all countries and in all ages; the existence of Witches has been acknowledged, apparently well attested relations of their powers have been handed down to us, and in most civilized countries, punishments have been provided for the crime by the legal authorities. On the other hand, the whole force of our experience, is, it must be con-

fessed, strongly against the belief; for, although many attempts have been made of late years to confirm the truth of such circumstances, they have, without any exception, been ultimately proved to be the effects of imposition and fraud: and the only generally insisted on proof in the Scriptures, (I allude to the Witch of Endor,) has been thought by many to have been an effect beyond the power, and even to the astonishment of the Witch herself, and rather regarded as a divine interposition than as the result of her incantations.

It seems to me that upon the whole, the proofs of the existence of Witches are defective, because, although tales of their powers are numerous, yet there does not seem in any of the instances related, a sufficient cause for the Almighty Ruler of the World, whose decrees are perfectly just, and therefore, perfectly wise, to suffer the existence of such crimes as this practice would introduce into the world, and the placing such enormous and almost unlimited power in the hands of persons, who (as these Witches without exception were,) were unable from their ignorance, poverty, or infirmity, to use it to proper ends.

"I do not love to credit tales of magick—
Heaven's musick which is order seems un-
strung,
And this brave world,
(The mystery of God,) unbeautified,
Disordered, marred, where such strange
things are acted."

In England no doubt was entertained of the existence of this crime, our earliest laws inflicting punishments for it; and in the reign of Henry the 8th an Act was passed declaring all Witchcraft to be felony without benefit of clergy.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth it is evident that the belief of Witchcraft being practised was much shaken, if it had not totally ceased, and from their being introduced on the stage, familiarly, and almost ludicrously, it seems that their existence was then considered as an old and ridiculous prejudice. It is true that Judicial Astrology was then practised with no small success, and if it was not considered lawful, it was so much connived at, that the Queen herself is said to have consulted Dr. Dee on her future destiny. It is, therefore, most probable, that although an Act of Parliament was passed in this reign for inflicting punishments for the practice of Witchcraft in Ireland; yet from there being contained in that Act singular provisions for the trial of Peers who should be charged with this crime, its purpose was rather to keep in check or to remove such of the Irish Nobles as were disaffected to the Queen, by a less odious mode than the violent means not uncommonly resorted to, a charge of this sort being so much more easily made than repelled. By an Act passed in the 1st year of the reign of James the 1st, and supposed to be by the express direction of that *sagacious* Prince, who was himself a most zealous believer in every sort of superstition, the various species of Witchcraft are enumerated: this so perfectly illustrates the then prevalent opinion on

the subject, that it may excuse the following extract.

"Any one that shall use, practise, or exercise any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit, or consult, covenant with, entertaine or employ, feede, or reward any evill or wicked spirit to or for any intent or purpose, or take up any dead man, woman or child out of his, her, or their grave, or any other place where the dead body resteth, or the skin, bone, or other part of any dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of Witchcraft, Sorcery, Charme, or Enchantment, nor shall use, practise, or exercise any Witchcraft, Enchantment, Charme or Sorcery, whereby any person shall be killed, destroyed, wasted, consumed, pinned, or lamed in his or her body, or any part thereof, such offenders duly and lawfully convicted and attainted shall suffer death."

In consequence of the encouragement shewn to this belief in this and the succeeding reign by the legislature, the superstitions of most people were alarmed; and as there are at all times, persons ready to make the weaknesses of others subservient to their own vices, some men had the effrontery to pretend that they possessed some natural and intuitive power to discover Witches, and they carried on this trade, receiving rewards from the government, and levying contributions on the people. The most notorious of these was one Matthew Hopkins, commonly known by the name of the Witchfinder; he lived at Manningtree in Essex, and in the years 1644, 5, and 6, made a tour through the Eastern counties. This man's arrogance and conceit were so great, in consequence of his success, and the countenance afforded him by the Parliament (from whom he held a commission for the discovery of Witches,) that in a letter of his which is preserved, he seems to

consider visiting the towns as a thanks and recompense. Soe I favour conferred by him—but let him speak for himself: I humbly take my leave and rest

* * * * * —“I intend to give your towne a visit suddenly. I am to come to Kimbolton this weeke and it shall be tenne to one but I will come to youre towne first; but I would certainlye knowe aforehand whether youre towne affords many sticklers for such cattell,* or willing to give and afford as good welcome and entertainment as other-where I have been, else I shall wave your shire. (not as yet beginning in any part of it myself), and betake me to such places where I do and may persist without controle, but with

“Your servant to be commanded,
“MATTHEW HOPKINS.”

In the same letter he mentions a circumstance. which if it be true, will shew the influence which the belief had then obtained, he says:—
“I have knowne a minist^r in Suffolke, preach against their (the Witches) discovery in a pulpit, and forced to recant it by the committee in the same place.”

(To be concluded in our next.)

* This is the elegant expression by which he designates his victim.

From the European Magazine. for Sep. 1812.

ANECDOTES OF MR. PATTEN.

THE mention which has been made of that very extraordinary character, the Rev. Mr. Patten, may probably have risen some curiosity concerning him; and the reader may not dislike to hear a few genuine particulars of his life and conversation. He had been chaplain to a man of war, and had contracted a kind of marine roughness from his voyages: he was of an athletic make, and had a considerable share of wit and humour, nor restrained by any strict ideas of professional propriety. He was during many years curate of Whitstable, at a very small stipend, and used every Sunday to travel in a butcher's cart to do duty at another church. Whitstable lying close to the sea is very aguish; so that had he been dismissed, it would have been very difficult for the Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom the living belonged, to have provided another curate at the same low rate: this he well knew, and presuming upon it, was a great plague to every new primate. He kept a mistress

publickly, and had that esteem for punch, that when his sermons were too long, some one shewing him a lemon might at any time cause him to bring his discourse to an abrupt conclusion, that he might be at liberty to adjourn to the publick-house.

When Dr. Wake was Archbishop, some tale bearer informed his Grace that Mr. Patten had given a marriage-certificate, which he had signed by the title of Bishop of Whitstable. At the next visitation, the Archbishop sternly asked Mr. P. whether the report was true? To which Patten replied, “I shall answer your Grace's question by another—Are you fool enough to take notice of it, if it be true.”

When Dr. Secker was enthroned, or soon after, he gave a charge to his clergy, and, among other articles, found great fault with the scanty allowance often paid to curates. Mr. Patten, who was there (though not summoned, as his usual boldness at these meetings occasioned an order for him to be left out of the list), arose from his seat,

and bowing to the Archbishop, said, with a low voice, "I thank your Grace." After the charge was over, this troublesome subaltern, bustling through the crowd, came up to the metropolitan, who, seeing that he could not avoid him, began with the usual question, "You are Sir, I apprehend curate of Whitstable?"—"I am so," returned Mr. Patten, "and have received the paltry sum of thirty pounds per annum from your Grace's predecessors for doing the duty of a living which brings in full three hundred."—"Don't enlarge, Mr. Patten," said the Archbishop.—"No, but I hope your Grace will," rejoined the Curate.

It chanced that a substantial farmer in Whitstable, who had frequently promised his son to take him in as a partner in his farm, or to leave it him at his death, died, without performing either of his promises. His widow, a second wife, took possession of the premises, without regarding the representations of the son, who in vain pleaded his pretensions to the partnership at least. Not long after, the widow came to Patten with a deplorable tale of a ghost which haunted her house, out-houses, &c. dragging chains and rattling fetters. The curate, who though no believer in spirits, was yet sensible that at any rate the affair must turn to his pecuniary advantage, put on his gravest air, and told the woman, "that what she asked was no trivial matter; that besides a considerable stock of courage, the enterprise demanded deep learning, as the whole form of exorcism ought to be spoken in Latin; that indeed he was fully master of these requisites, but that he could not give himself the trouble of exerting them under the sum of one guinea." To this demand the woman consented after some demur, and the best parlour

was fitted up for the curate's reception according to his directions, with large fire, two candles, and a bowl of punch. He then took his post, and waited for the apparition, who, unluckily, not knowing the sort of man he had to deal with, and thinking to terrify him, as he had done by others, began his perambulations, as usual, around the premises: but no sooner did the priest hear the chain and the groans, than he sallied forth, and without delay seized the poor ghost by the collar, labouring him at the same time severely with an oaken sapling. The young farmer finding himself by no means a match for his opponent, fell on his knees, and owned the whole contrivance, conjuring the exorcist, at the same time, not to expose him, nor to reveal the secret to his mother-in-law, who would be glad of the opportunity to turn him out of the house with some degree of pretence. His entreaties were heard, and he was dismissed, on a solemn promise not to disturb the house again: on this condition, hopes were given to him of a comfortable settlement with his step-mother.

Early in the morning she came down, anxious to hear what had passed the preceding night; when she was informed by the priest, that he had had a terrible conflict with the deceased, who was one of the most fierce obstinate spirits he had ever met with. That, at length, he had laid him at the expense of much Latin. "Poor wicked soul," continued he, "I forgive him, although great part of his disquiet is owing to thirty shillings of which he defrauded me, but which he desired, nay commanded, you to pay. On this condition only, that on your allowing his son a share in the farm, has he agreed to trouble your house no more, but to retire to his old quarters, the Red Sea."

To this the woman assented—she paid the money, took her son-in-law

into the farming business, and the parson had the comfort of having done a good action, and at the same time picked up a little money by it.

He was once at the house of a brother clergyman, who having shewn him a very numerous collection of books in various languages, Patten asked him whether he understood them all? The answer being in the affirmative, he rejoined,

"Surely, surely, brother, you must have had your head broken with a brick from the Tower of Babel."

In his illness, being in extreme distress, Archbishop Secker sent him ten guineas by the Archdeacon. The dying humourist thanked him sincerely, and in the style of the age of James the First, "Tell the Primate," said he, "that now I own him to be a man of God, for I have seen his angels."

From La Belle Assemblée.

A Z A K I A.

(Concluded from Vol. I. page 403.)

IT was a matter of fact that the young woman loved her guest, yet her love was merely metaphysical, notwithstanding she had no conception of such a kind of love existing. She even fixed upon a resolution, which our European ladies would certainly have not adopted. She determined to procure to Saint Castins an opportunity of obtaining more compliance from another woman, than she chose to grant. This female was not yet eighteen, excessively handsome, and, what was not less requisite, unmarried. I have already stated, that among those nations single females enjoy great liberty. Saint Castins, at the request of Azakia, met Zisma (so was the young savage called) several times. At the expiration of a few days he could read in her looks that she would be less severe than her friend. I have not been told whether he availed himself of the discovery; at least this new conquest did not make him forgetful of Azakia, who most likely did not wish to be forgotten. Saint Castins, notwithstanding his utmost endeavours, always felt inclined to return to her; an occurrence, which, in any other part of the globe, might have contributed to

their union, was very near separating them for ever.

Some fugitive Hurons, who had been more expeditious than the rest, brought home the intelligence that Ouabi had been surprised in an ambuscade by the Iroquois; that he had lost part of his men, and himself had remained on the field of battle. This piece of news occasioned deep regret to Saint Castins; his natural generosity prompted him to lay aside all interested views; he would forget, that in losing a friend, he at the same time got rid of a rival: besides the death of that rival might endanger the life of Azakia herself. From that moment her existence depended on the capricious event of a dream:--If, in the space of forty days, a widow, who had just lost her husband, was to see and to speak to him twice successively in a dream, she concluded, that he wanted her *in the country of souls*, and nothing could prevent her from following him to the grave.

Azakia was determined to adhere to the general custom, in case the two-fold dream should take place. She sincerely bewailed the loss of Ouabi, and although Saint Castins would occasion her motives

of regret also, if she was to die, yet her prejudice prevailed over her inclination. It would be no easy task to attempt describing the inquietude and alarm that assailed the lover of the beautiful and credulous widow: during the night he would think he saw her a prey to those sinister visions; and accordingly felt universal tremor when he accosted her in the morning. One day, at last, he found her preparing a deadly beverage, made of the juice of the root of a lemon-tree; a poison, which in that country, never fails in producing its effect. "Thou seest, my dear Celario," said Azakia, "thou seest me preparing for the long journey that Ouabi orders me to undertake."—"Oh! heavens!" interrupted Saint Castins, "can you give credit to a dream that abuses you, to a frivolous and deceitful illusion?"—"Hush, Celario," replied she, "thou abusest thyself: Ouabi has appeared before me last night; he took me by the hand, and bade me follow him: the weight of my body alone prevented me from obeying the summons. Ouabi withdrew; but how sad he looked! I called him back: he spoke not to me, but stretched out his open arms, and disappeared. He will return, undoubtedly, my dear Celario, then I must obey; and after having wept over thee, I shall swallow this potion that will set my body asleep, and join Ouabi in the mansions of the souls." A similar discourse was but too well calculated to redouble Saint Castins's deep sorrow. In reply to it, he urged all that reason, grief, and love could suggest most convincing, but nothing could persuade the young savage; she wept bitterly, yet persevered in her design. All the disconsolate Frenchman could obtain from her was, that supposing even that Ouabi should present himself to her a second time in her sleep, she would wait, before she

drank the potion, till the report of his death had been confirmed; and Saint Castins proposed to himself to ascertain the fact without farther delay.

The savages neither exchange nor redeem their prisoners, and only try to release them when they can. The conqueror sometimes will make slaves of them, but more frequently put them to death. This is the prevailing custom amongst the Iroquois: accordingly it was to be presumed, that Ouabi had died of his wounds, or had been burnt alive by those barbarians.—Azakia believed it more than any other person; Saint Castins nevertheless wished her at least to entertain some doubts. Meanwhile, he roused the spirit of the Hurons, and proposed another expedition against the enemy, which was approved of. Previously a chief was to be appointed, when Saint Castins, who had already given proofs of his great valour and distinguished conduct, was unanimously elected. He set off with his warriors, but not until Azakia had once more formally engaged, in spite of whatever dreams she might have, to postpone till his return, putting her plan into execution.

The Hurons advanced without being opposed. The Iroquois thought they were too weakened and too far discouraged to venture to take the field. They themselves had marched to surprise the Hurons, but neglected all manner of precaution: this was not the case with Saint Castins' forces; he had sent some of his men reconnoitring, his scouts had discovered the enemy, themselves unperceived, and returned to bring the intelligence to their commander. The ground happened to be favourable for laying in an ambuscade. The Hurons knew so well how to avail themselves of their position, that the Iroquois were entirely surrounded, be-

fore they were even aware of danger threatening them : most of them were killed on the spot, and the remainder either crippled or bound. The conquerors immediately proceeded to the next village, where there was a meeting of the inhabitants, preparing to enjoy the horrid spectacle of a Huron that was to be burnt alive. The victim, according to the custom in those countries, was singing his death song. Loud shouts and a heavy fire of musquetry soon dispersed the barbarian spectators, when the fugitives as well as those who offered to resist, were indiscriminately slaughtered, with all the ferocity that savages were susceptible of displaying. In vain Saint Castins endeavoured to stop the carnage ; some few women and children only were spared. What he dreaded most was, that Ouabi, admitting he was still alive and in that village, should be comprehended in the general massacre. Full of this idea, he would run from one part of the village to the other, till at a place, where some of both parties were still engaged, he saw a prisoner bound to a post, with the implements of execution by the side of him. The chief of the Hurons flew towards the wretched captive, cut his bands asunder, recognized, and embraced him with transports of joy. It was Ouabi !

This brave Huron had preferred losing his life to being deprived of his liberty. When cured of his wounds he had been offered, instead of being put to death, to remain a slave : he had preferred death, and was determined if this choice was denied him, to perpetrate the deed with his own hands. The Iroquois, however, were but too well disposed to save him that trouble. A moment later his companions would not have been in time to rescue him.

After having dispersed or seized all the Iroquois that remained in that district, the Huron army re-

turned home. Saint Castins wished to resign the command in behalf of Ouabi, who refused it. He informed him on the road of Azakia's intention to die, under an idea that he was no more, and that he insisted on her following him ; of the poison she had prepared to that effect, and of the delay which he had obtained with much difficulty. He spoke with a vehemence and feeling that struck Ouabi, who then recalled to his mind several circumstances that he had paid no great attention to at the time. At the present moment even he hinted not what he intended to do. On the arrival of the warriors, Azakia, who had dreamt a second time, considered their return as the signal of her death. What was her surprise when she saw among the living, the husband whom she thought of going to meet in the abode of souls : she at first remained motionless and mute ; but was preparing to manifest her joy in a long discourse and by lively caresses. Ouabi received the one, and interrupted the other. Then, addressing Saint Castins : "Celario," said he to him, "thou hast saved my life, and what is dearer to me still, twice to thee have I been obliged for the preservation of Azakia ; she therefore belongs to thee more than she does to me ; I belong to thee myself : see whether she is sufficient to pay for us both. I give her up to thee through gratitude, which is more than I would have done to be ransomed from the funeral pile lighted up by the Iroquois."

It is impossible to express what Saint Castins's emotion and feelings were upon hearing those words ; not that it appeared to him as ridiculous, or absurd as it will perhaps to some of my readers : he knew that divorces frequently took place among the savages ; they will part as easily as they are united. But persuaded that Azakia could not be

given up without a supernatural effort, he thought himself bound to imitate the example, and refused what he desired most; but his refusal was of no avail: he was forced to yield to Ouabi's perseverance.

With regard to the faithful Azakia who has been seen to resist all the attacks of Saint Castins, and to refuse surviving the husband whom she thought was dead, it will be expected, perhaps, that she would oppose the separation proposed by her husband. By no means. Till then she had listened only to her duty: she now thought she was at liberty to indulge her inclination, since Ouabi required her so to do. The fragments of the union stick were

produced, united, and destroyed: Ouabi and Azakia embraced each other for the last time, and from that moment the young and beautiful savage resumed all her former rights as a maiden. It is even said, that with the assistance of some missionaries, Saint Castins made her duly qualified to become his lawful wife.

Ouabi next broke the union stick with the young Zisma, and those two marriages, so different as to form, were nevertheless equally happy. Each husband being certain of having no competitor for the future, overlooked the possibility of having had one or more predecessors.

From the London Time's Telescope.

TIME'S TELESCOPE, FOR JANUARY 1819.

Moments make minutes, minutes form the hour,
And circling hours the day and night compose;
Days form the week, and months the weeks devour,
And to the months the year its fulness owes.
Yet moments, minutes, hours, we throw away,
And heed not Time, that wings his rapid flight;
In folly we consume the flitting day,
In lengthened slumbers waste returning night:
And weeks flow on, and months, and seasons too,
And years are lost as if too light to prize;
And as we older grow, alas! how few
Grow with our years more diligently wise:
And yet that life is short we all complain,
With days, weeks, months, and years, all spent in vain.

T. Rodd.

ALMANACK—CALENDAR—EPHEMERIS.

ALL these words describe date-books for the current year. According to Golius, *al manach* signifies 'the reckoning,' and is the Arabick designation given to a table of time, which the astrologers of the east present to their princes on New-year's day. Calendar as so called from the Latin *calendæ*, a Roman name for the first day of the month. Ephemeris is a Greek word, signifying *for the day*. Almanack, therefore, is a divider of the time by the year; calendar, by the month; and ephemeris, by the day. 'Nature's almanack is the orbit of

the earth; her calendar, the circuit of the moon; her emphemeris, the circumference of the globe.' The French name their annual anthologies of poetry, Almanacks of the Muses.' 'The gardening book, which directs what work is to be done, what seeds are to be sown, every month, is fitly called the Gardener's Calendar.' 'A daily newspaper might aptly be denominated the Political Ephemeris.'

Verstegan fancies that almanack is derived from *allmonath*; but if the etymon was Anglo-Saxon, the present form of the word would be 'almonth.' The first European date-book, which assumed the title

of almanack, is the *almanach royale de France* of 1579: it includes notices of post-days, fairs, and festivals.

YEARS—MONTHS—WEEKS—DAYS.

Among different nations, the *beginning* of the year varied as well as the *length*. The Jews began their ecclesiastical year with the new moon of that month, whose full moon happened next after the vernal equinox. The church of Rome begin their year on the Sunday which falls on the said full moon, or that happens next after it; or on Easter Sunday. The Jews began their *civil* year with the new moon which has its full moon happening next after the autumnal equinox. The Grecians began their year with the new moon which happened next after the summer solstice. The Romans, according to *Plutarch*, began their year at March, from the time of *Romulus* to *Numa*, who changed the beginning to January. *Romulus* made the year consist of only ten months, as appears from the name of the last, *December*, or the tenth month; and that *March* was the first is evident, because they called the fifth from it *quintilis*, the sixth *sextilis*, and the rest in their order. The first month of the Egyptian year began on our August 29. The Arabick and Turkish year began on July 16. The ancient Clergy made March 25 the beginning of the year.

The first division of the civil year is into *months*, of which there are twelve. These cannot be of an equal length, because the number of days in a year is not divisible by 12. There are therefore, in every year, *seven* months of 31 days each, *four* of 30 days each, and in the common years *one* of 28 days, each, but which contains 29 in every leap year. These are the months used for civil purposes. But the space of 28 days is also called a month, and it is by the

division of this into four equal parts that the year is subdivided into weeks, each consisting of seven days. Hence, a common year consists of 13 of these months, or 52 weeks and one day; and a leap year of the same, and 2 days.

The *days* into which the civil year is divided, are called *natural*, and contain 24 hours. But there is a day called *artificial*, which is the time from sun-rise to sun-set. The natural day is either *astronomical* or *civil*. The astronomical day begins at noon. The British, French, Dutch, Germans, Spaniards, Portuguese, and Egyptians, begin the civil day at midnight; the ancient Greeks, Jews, Bohemians, and Silesians, began it at sun-setting, as do the modern Italians and Chinese; and the ancient Babylonians, Persians, Syrians, and modern Greeks, at sun-rising. The Jews, Chaldeans, and Arabians, divide the hour into 1080 equal parts called *scruples*.

DAYS OF THE WEEK.

The old Latin names for the days of the week are still retained in the journals of parliament and of medical men; they are as follow, beginning with Sunday—*dies Solis*, *dies Lunæ*, *dies Martis*, *dies Mercurii*, *dies Jovis*, *dies Veneris*, and *dies Saturni*. The northern nations substituted, for the Roman divinities, such of their own as most nearly resembled them in their peculiar attributes, and hence the derivation of the names now in use. VERSTEGAN, in his *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*, 4to. Lond. 1654, thus describes the Saxon deities who presided over each day of the week. The *characters* sometimes employed to denote each day are prefixed.

☉ Sunday.

‘Unto the day dedicated to the idoll of the Sun, they gave the name of *Sunday*, as much as to say, as the

Sunday, or the Sun. This idoll was placed in a temple, and there adored, and sacrificed unto, for that they beleaved that the *Sun* in the firmament did with or in this idoll correspond, and co-operate. It was made like halfe a naked man, set upon a pillar, his face, as it were, brightened with gleames of fire, and holding, with both his arms stretched out, a burning wheele upon his breast; the wheele being to signifie the course which he runneth round about the world; and the fiery gleames, and brightnes, the light and heat wherewith he warmeth and comforteth the things that live and grow.'

♄ *Monday.*

'The next, according to the course of the dayes of the week, was the idoll of the *Moone*, whereof we yet retaine the name of *Monday*, instead of *Mooneday*. The forme of this idoll seemeth very strange and ridiculous, for being made for a woman, shee hath a short coat like a man: but more strange it is to see her hood with such two long eares. The holding of a *Moone* before her breast may seeme to have beene to expresse what she is; but the reason of her chapron with long eares, as also of her short coat and pyked shoes, I do not finde.'

♊ *Tuesday.*

'*Tuisco, or Tuiscon*, [was] the father and conductor of the Germans, who, after his name, even unto this day, doe in their owne tongue call themselves *Tuytsh*, and their country of Germany, *Tuytshland*, and the Netherlanders using herein the D for T, doe make it *Duytsh* and *Duytshland*, both which appellations of the people and country I doe here write right according as we, in our English orthography, would write them, after their pronunciation.'

♄ *Wednesday.*

'The next was the idoll *Woden*, who was made armed, and, among our Saxon ancestors, esteemed and honoured for their god of battell, according as the Romans reputed and honoured their god Mars.— (*Verstegan*, p. 72.)

'*Odin* [or *Wodin*,] is believed to have been the name of the one true God among the first colonies who came from the east, and peopled Germany and Scandinavia, and among their posterity for several ages. But at length a mighty conquerour, the leader of a new army of adventurers from the east, overrun the north of Europe, erected a great empire, assumed the name of *Odin*, and claimed the honours which had been formerly paid to that deity. From thenceforward this deified mortal, under the name of *Odin* or *Wodin*, became the chief object of the idolatrous worship of the Saxons and Danes in this island, as well as of many other nations. Having been a mighty and successful warrior, he was believed to be the god of war, who gave victory and revived courage in the conflict. Having civilized, in some measure, the countries which he conquered, and introduced arts formerly unknown, he was also worshipped as the god of arts and artists. In a word, to this *Odin* his deluded worshippers impiously ascribed all the attributes which belong only to the true God: to him they built magnificent temples, offered many sacrifices, and consecrated the fourth day of the week, which is still called by his name in England, and in all the other countries where he was formerly worshipped. Notwithstanding all this, the founders of all the kingdoms of the Anglo-Saxon heptarchy pretended to be descended from *Wodin*, and some of them at the distance of only a few genera-

tions.'—(*Henry's History of Great Britain*, vol. iii. pp. 175, 176.)

♂ Thursday.

'The next in order was the idoll *Thor*, who was not only served and sacrificed unto of the ancient Pagan-Saxons, but of all the Teutonicke people of the septentrionall regions, yea, even of the people that dwelt beyond *Thule* or *Istand*, for in *Greeneland* was he knowne and adored; in memory whereof a promontory or high poynt of land lying out into the sea, as also a river which falleth into the sea at the said promontory, doth yet beare his name. This great reputed god, being of more estimation than many of the rest of like sort, though of as little worth as any of the meanest of that rabble, was majestically placed in a very large and spacious hall, and there set as if he had reposed himselfe upon a covered bed. On his head he wore a crowne of gold, and round in compasse above, and about the same, were set or fixed twelue bright burnished golden starres. And in his right hand he held a kingly scepter. He was of the seduced Pagans beleevd to be of most marvelous power and might yea, and that there were no other people through out the whole world that were not subjected unto him, and did not owe him divine honour and service. That there was no puissance comparable to his: his dominion of all others most farthest extending it selfe, both in heaven and earth. That in the aire he governed the winds and the cloudes; and, being displeased, did cause lightning, thunder, and tempests; with excessiue rain, haile, and all ill weather. But, being well pleased, by the adoration, sacrifice, and service, of his suppliants, he then bestowed upon them most faire and seasonable weather, and caused corne abundantly to growe, as also all sorts of fruites, &c. and kept away

from them the plague and all other evil and infectious diseases. Of the weekly day which was dedicated unto his peculiar service, we yet retaine the name of *Thursday* the which the Danes and Swedians doe yet call *Thors-day*. In the Netherlands, it is called *Dunders-dagh*, which, being written according to our English orthography, is *Thunders-day*; whereby it may appeare that they anciently therein intended the day of the god of *Thunder*; and in some of our old Saxon bookes, I find it to have beene written *Thunres-deag*. So as it seemeth that the name of *Thor*, or *Thur*, was abbreviated of *Tunre*, which we now write *Thunder*.'—(*Verstegan*, p. 73.)

'*Thor*, the eldest and bravest of the sons of *Odin* and *Frea*, was, after his parents, the greatest god of the Saxons and Danes while they continued heathens. They believed that *Thor* reigned over all the aërial regions, which composed his immense palace, consisting of five hundred and forty halls; that he launched the thunder, pointed the lightning, and directed the meteors, winds, and storms. To him they addressed their prayers for favourable winds, refreshing rains, and fruitful seasons; and to him the fifth day of the week, which still bears his name, was consecrated.'—(*Henry*, vol. iii.)

♀ Friday.

'In her right hand she [*Frea* or *Friga*] held a drawne sword, and, in her left, a bow; signifying thereby that women, as well as men, should, in time of neede, be ready to fight. Some honoured her for a god and some for a goddess, but she was ordinarily taken rather for a goddess than a god; and was reputed the giver of peace and plenty, as also the causer and maker of love and amity; and of the day of her especiall adoration we yet retaine

the name of Friday; and as, in the order of the dayes of the weeke, *Thursday* commeth betweene Wednesday and Friday, so (as *Olaus Magnus* noteth) in the septentrionall regions, where they made the idoll *Thor* sitting or lying in a great hall upon a covered bed, they also placed on the one side of him the idoll *Woden*, and, on the other side, the idoll *Friga*. Some do call her *frea* and not *friga*, and say she was the wife of *Woden*; but she was called *Friga*, and her day our Saxon ancestors called *Frige-deag*, from whence our name now of Friday in deed commeth.—(*Verstegan*.)

‘Next to *Odin*, *Frea*, or *Frigga*, his wife, was the most revered dignity among the heathen Saxons, Danes, and other northern nations. As *Odin* was believed to be the father, *Frea* was esteemed the mother of all the other gods. In the most ancient times *Frea* was the same with the goddess *Herthus*, or Earth, who was so devoutly worshipped by the Angli and other German nations. But when *Odin*, the conqueror of the north, usurped the honours due only to the true *Odin*, his wife *Frea* usurped those which had been formerly paid to mother Earth. She was worshipped as the goddess of love and pleasure, who bestowed on her votaries a variety of delights.’—(*Henry*, vol. iii. pp. 176, 177.)

h₂ Saturday.

‘The last, to make up here the number of seven, was the idoll *Seater*, fondly of some supposed to be *Saturnus*, for he was otherwise called *Crodo*. First, on a pillar was placed a pearch, on the sharpe prickled backe whereof stood this idoll. He was leane of visage, having long haire and a long beard, and was bare-headed and bare-footed. In his left hand he held up a wheele, and in his right he carried

a paile of water, wherein were flowers and fruits. His long coate was girded unto him with a towell of white linen. His standing on the sharp finnes of this fish, was to signifie that the Saxons, for their serving him, should passe steadfastly, and without harme, in dangerous and difficult places. By the wheele was betokened the knit unity and conjoynd concord of the Saxons, and their concurring together in the running one course. By the girdle, which with the wind streamed from him, was signified the Saxons freedom. By the paile, with flowers and fruits, was declared, that with kindly raine he would nourish the earth, to bring foorth such fruites and flowers. And the day unto which he yet gives the name of *Sater-day*, did first receive, by being unto him celebrated, the same appellation.’—(*Verstegan*, pp. 77-79.)

REMARKABLE DAYS, &c. IN JANUARY.

GALILEO DIED.—JAN. 8, 1642.

This celebrated astronomer was cited before the *Holy Inquisition*, and made to abjure his doctrine of the Copernican or true system of the world; but after going through the forced ceremony, indignant at the humiliating concession he had been compelled to make, stamped his foot on the earth, saying, *è pur si muove*;—it moves notwithstanding.

SIR HANS SLOANE DIED, ÆT. 93.—JANUARY 11, 1753.

He was first physician to George II. and many years president of the Royal Society. His immense collection of books, manuscripts, and curious productions of nature and art, now form a most valuable part of the British Museum. His Library consisted of 50,000 volumes; and his catalogue contained a description of 69,352 curiosities; a treasure which he said was destined

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to magnify God and benefit mankind. The beautiful botanical garden at Chelsea was left by him to the Company of Apothecaries, on condition of their introducing every year fifty new plants, till their number should amount to 2000. Sir Hans Sloane was born at Killileagh in Downshire, in the north-east part of Ireland; and was buried in Chelsea church-yard, where his tomb is still in tolerable preservation. It is surmounted by the mystick symbols of the egg and the serpent in a good style of sculpture.—See *Butler's Chronological Exercises*, p. 23.

ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY BURNT.—

JANUARY 14, 640

This noble library, containing more than seven hundred thousand volumes, was utterly destroyed by order of the calif Omar, when he acquired possession of Alexandria. The volumes of paper, or parchment, were distributed to the four thousand baths of the city; and six months were barely sufficient for the consumption of this precious fuel.

LOUIS XVI. BEHEADED.—JAN. 21, 1793.

The 21st of the month was peculiarly fatal to Louis. June 21, 1770, at a *fête* given in consequence of his marriage, a vast number of persons were trampled to death; June 21, 1792, he escaped from Paris to Varennes; and on September 21, 1692, royalty was abolished in France.

FIRST LOTTERY IN ENGLAND.—JAN. 23, 1569.

This Lottery consisted of 40,000

lots, at 10s. each, and was drawn at the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral. Lotteries were suppressed in the reign of Queen Anne.

EDWARD VI. BEGAN TO REIGN.—JAN. 28, 1547.

He was accounted the wonder of his time; he was not only learned in the tongues and the liberal sciences, but he knew well the state of his kingdom. He kept a table-book, in which he had written the characters of all the eminent men of the nation: he studied fortification and understood the mint well. He knew the harbours in all his dominions, with the depth of the water and the way of coming into them. He understood foreign affairs so well, that the ambassadors who were sent into England published very extraordinary things of him in all the courts of Europe.

Edward had great quickness of apprehension; but, being distrustful of his memory, he took notes of every thing he heard (that was considerable) in *Greek characters*, that those about him might not understand what he writ, which he afterwards copied out fair in the journal that he kept. His virtues were wonderful: when he was made to believe that his uncle was guilty of conspiring the death of the other counsellors, he upon that abandoned him. He was very merciful in his nature, which appeared in his unwillingness to sign the warrant for burning the maid of Kent.

Edward expired at Greenwich, in the *sixteenth* year of his age, and the *seventh* of his reign.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

From the New Monthly Magazine, for Oct. 1818.

IT is a rule with Miss Edgeworth to write, without allowing pleasure or indolence to interrupt her, six pages a day: no wonder therefore her works are so voluminous, or rather it would be surprising they are not more so, were it not that when her book is finished, she ex-

erts a severe and remorseless judgment in pruning its redundancies. Yet we do not think she has always effected this difficult task happily. "Patronage," and a few of her other novels might be considerably reduced in weight, without suffering any diminution of value. She has always too, a tablet at hand, ready to note down any expression occurring in conversation, which she might imagine likely to assist her literary labours. We cannot help thinking this an injudicious practice: since many, who in the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" might utter happy apothegms, and give loose to a luxuriant imagination, would feel a disagreeable restraint, and repress their powers, fearful of saying something not sufficiently fine for the press: or else in attempting to talk too well, degenerate into pedantry, and affectation. Miss Edgeworth, however, is far from being pedantick or affected herself. On the contrary, if fault must be found with her deportment and conversation, we would say, that both bear an appearance of simplicity, and even triviality: which savours too much of an artificial en-

deavour at avoiding the author. Nothing however can possibly be more amiable than her manners, and nothing more delightful than her conversation, as she conveys information without appearing to instruct, and possesses the happy faculty of pleasing others by eliciting from them those observations, and those talents, which by the assistance of her tablets she knows so well how to apply.

Her conversational wit is not brilliant, but it is playful and engaging. One of the best sallies which we have heard recorded of her, was on her pressing a young and diffident lady to sing. "Well," said the latter at last, "I will sing, on condition that you first pay me a compliment,—one that the company shall decide to be witty." "Surely," said Miss E., "you are not so determined against singing, as to make my being witty a previous stipulation?—surely you will surrender without that article?" "No," rejoined the lady, "I am positive." "That is impossible," observed Miss E., "for we all know that you are *superlative*!"

VARIETIES.

From the New Monthly Magazine, for Oct. 1818.

Anecdote of Frederick the Great.
FREDERICK the Great, being informed of the death of one of his chaplains, a man of considerable learning and piety, determining that his successor should not be behind him in these qualifications, took the following method of ascertaining the merit of one of the numerous candidates for the appointment. He told the applicant that he would himself furnish him with a text, the following Sunday, when he was to preach at the Royal Chapel, from which he was to make an extempore

sermon. The clergyman accepted the proposition. The whim of such a probationary discourse was spread abroad widely, and at an early hour the Royal Chapel was crowded to excess. The King arrived at the end of the prayers, and on the candidate's ascending the pulpit, one of his Majesty's aides-de-camp presented him with a sealed paper. The preacher opened it, and found nothing written therein; he did not, however, in so critical a moment, lose his presence of mind; but, turning the paper on both

sides, he said, "My brethren, here is nothing, and there is nothing; out of nothing God created all things," and proceeded to deliver a most admirable discourse upon the wonders of the creation.

The resources of Genius.

In his musing mood the poet exists in another world, peopled by the beings of his own prolific imagination. He is there compensated for the neglects he meets with in life. There every thing is adjusted to his taste: his rivals are always disgraced and his nymphs are always kind.—"Les malheureux qui ont de l'esprit trouvent des ressources en eux-mêmes," says Rouhours:

"Then grieve not thou to whom the indulgent Muse

Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire;
Nor blame the partial Fates if they refuse
The imperial banquet and the rich attire;
Know thy own worth, and reverence the
Lyre!"

Remarks on a passage in the Dunciad.

"Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel decked these
ribbalds
From slashing *Bentley*," &c.

The introduction of a name so deservedly revered as that of the critick *Bentley* into the *Dunciad* will ever reflect the highest discredit upon its author. The cause of Pope's enmity to this worthy man and excellent scholar, is accounted for in the following anecdote.

* Beattie's Minstrel.

Atterbury being in company with Bentley and Pope, insisted upon knowing the Doctor's opinion of the (then) recently translated Homer. He warded off the question for some time, but being earnestly pressed by both, freely said, "The verses are good verses, but the work is not *Homer*, it is *Spontanus*;" an observation which may be considered exceedingly apposite. Pope has been too attentive to the melody of his versification, and has failed in a great measure to infuse into his translation the *simple majesty* of Homer. His descriptions run into florid amplifications not to be found in the original, and he is not unfrequently artificial and affected, when he wishes to be pathetick. In short his splendid and too highly ornamented paraphrase is better adapted to the style of the silvery tongued author mentioned by Bentley than to Homer.

LEE and ADDISON.

The thought with which Addison's noble tragedy *Cato* opens, appears to have been borrowed from Lee's *Alexander*.

The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day.

Cato.

The morning rises black; the low'ring sun,
As if the dreadful business he foreknew,
Drives heavily his sable chariot on.

Alexander.

By which comparison it is seen that Lee's images are most striking; Addison's most correct.

POETRY.

From the New Monthly Magazine, for October, 1818.

STANZAS.

BY LORD BYRON.

THERE was a time I need not name,
Since it will ne'er forgotten be,
When all our feelings were the same,
As still my soul hath been to thee:

And from that hour when first thy tongue
Confess'd a love which equal'd mine,

Though many a grief my heart hath wrung,
Unknown, and thus unfelt by thine;

None, none hath sunk so deep as this,
To think how soon that love hath flown:
Transient as every faithless kiss,
But transient in thy breast alone.

And yet my heart some solace knew,
When late I heard thy lips declare—

In accents once imagined true,—
Remembrance of the days that were.

Yes, my adored!—yet most unkind!
Though thou wilt never love again,
To me 'tis doubly sweet to find
Remembrance of that love remain.

Yes, 'tis a glorious thought to me,
Nor longer shall my soul repine;
Whate'er thou art, or e'er shalt be,
Thou hast been dearly, solely mine!

THE PARTING.

(From the German of Breuner.)

THE wind was wild, the sea was dark,
The lightning flash'd above;—the bark
That anchored in the rocky bay,
Bath'd its top pennon in the spray;
Hollow and gloomy as the grave
Roll'd to the shore the mighty wave,
Then gathering wild, with thundering sweep,
Flash'd its white foam-sheet up the steep:—
The sight was terror—but behind
Shouts of pursuit were on the wind;
Trumpet, and yell, and clash of shield,
Told where the human hunters wheel'd,
Through the last valley's forest glen.
Where, Bertha, was thy courage then?
She cheer'd her warrior, tho' his side
Still with the gushing blood was dyed,
Up the rude mountain-path her hand
Sustained his arm, and dragged his brand,
Nor shrank, nor sighed: and when his tread
Paused on the promontory's head,
She smiled, altho' her lip was pale
As the torn silver of his mail.

All there was still—the shouts had past,
Sunk in the rushings of the blast;
Below, the vapour's dark grey screen,
Shut out from view the long ravine;
Then sweep the circle of the hill,
Like billows round an ocean isle.
The ray the parting unbeam flung,
In white, cold radiance on them hung;
They stood upon that lonely brow,
Like spirits loosed from human woe;
And pausing, ere they spread the plume,
Above that waste of storm and gloom.
To linger there was death, but there
Was that which masters death, Despair—
And even Despair's high master, Love.
Her heart was, like her form, above
The storms, the stormier thoughts that
Earth

Makes the dread privilege of birth.
Passion's wild flame was past, but he
Who pined before her burning eye,
The numbered beatings of whose heart
Told, on that summit they must part—
He was life, soul, and world to her:
Beside him, what had she to fear?
Life had for her nor calm nor storm
While she stood gazing on that form,
And clasped his hand, tho' lost and lone,—
His dying hand, but all her own;
She knelt beside him, on her knee
She raised his wan cheek silently:

She spoke not, sighed not; to his breast,
Her own, scarce living now, was prest,
And felt, if where the senses reel,
O'er wrought—o'er flooded—we can feel—
The thoughts, that when they cease to be,
Leave life one vacant misery.—
She kissed his chilling lip, and bore
The look, that told her all was o'er.

The echoes of pursuit again
Rolled on—she gazed upon the main;
Then seem'd the mountain's haughty steep
Too humble for her desperate leap;
Then seem'd the broad and bursting wave
Too calm, too shallow, for her grave.
She turned her to the dead:—his brow
Once more she gave her kiss of woe;
She gave his cheek one bitter tear,
The last she had for passion here—
Then to the steep!—away, away!
To the whirlwind's roar and the dash of the
spray. PULCI.

THE HEART OF SORROW.

I KNEW a heart—its texture such
As seldom on this earth is found,—
A heart, on which the slightest touch
Would make a deep and lasting wound;
Alas! that heart, tho' truly good,
Has blanch'd its wounds in tears of blood;
But still in upright deeds appearing,
No other comfort would it borrow;
Repeated shocks far fail'd in searing,
Or binding up the *Heart of Sorrow*!

It knew no pride, but pride of soul—
A pride which even Angels love;—
It knew no law—own'd no control,
But claim'd affiance with the dove.
Yet bled it freely from each smart
Of Hatred's bow, and Slander's dart;
Tho' giant Pride, in strength appearing,
Mark'd the tear through many a furrow,
Still—oh! still—devoid of fearing
Boldly beat that *Heart of Sorrow*.

It beat:—Affliction long had worn
Those tender strings which health impart,
And many a brutal hand had torn
The reeking ruins of that heart.
And must the sting of haggard care,
Without sweet Hope, still fester there?
Would it were still, or void of feeling!
Grief drew the bow its peace to sever,
Inflicting wounds past ever healing:
It twang'd—and then it trembled ever.

It beat—for ev'ry silken vein
Rent, whene'er the arrow flew;
Its finest chords respons'd the strain
Which Discord set, and Malice drew:
For then its strings were loosen'd all,
As wither'd leaves in autumn fall.
But Hope still whisper'd—woe forgetting—
"The Sun of Joy may rise to-morrow,"
Its cheering beams tho' now they're setting,
Will yet light up that *Heart of Sorrow*.